

MISCELLANY

Look Again.
 Say not that thy world is weary
 Of the world's false and vain;
 Say not 'tis a vexed and weary
 Wilderness of crime and pain:
 Much delight is in thy power—
 May a gem and many a flower—
 Look again!

Think not joy will never forsake thee—
 Youth's quick ardor long remain;
 That sorrow cannot o'ertake thee—
 Nothing will ever stain;
 Fear to leave in such poor dreaming
 Trust not fortune nor all seeming—
 Look again!

Leave unbathed the harsh opinion
 Lightly judge not nor disdain;
 Check unquiet fancy's pinion;
 Wit's sharp arrows out, restrain!
 Ere a friend's misdeeds divulging—
 Ere an enemy mood indulging—
 Look again!

Onward look, and see creation
 Heaven's first fair stamp retain;
 Thus on human aberration
 Humbly look, but not in vain:
 Virtue yet for thy discerning
 There abounds—be ever learning
 Pure to keep thy own light burning
 In its fragile frame;
 Good ev'ning, ill suppressing,
 That will make the world a blessing—
 With the treasures worth possessing—
 Inward look again!

Early search out what is duty,
 Make the record full and plain;
 Head of wealth, or eye of beauty—
 Poet's magic strain;
 Selfishness, thy heart to ice—
 Love, to warm it into vice—
 Tempting thee—dread—
 When to sophists thou would'st hearken,
 While the rule of light thy darkness
 Look again!

Never let thy heart beat coldly,
 Yet on impulse keep a rein;
 Look o'er life's mixed chances boldly—
 Join the busy working train;
 Much enduring, much forgiving,
 Learn and teach the task of living—
 Oft again!

Soon earth's twilight cold, uncertain—
 Soon misapprehension's pain,
 Bureats before death's rising curtain,
 Into radiance never fading—
 Glowing warmth and all pervading—
 Into truths eternal reign;
 Then the soul in full fruition
 Of her birthright's intuition—
 Perfect love, and joy, and vision—
 Need not look again!

A DOUBTFUL MARRIAGE.

"So the Colonel's daughter has come, and is, they say, stunning."
 "Trust you to find out a pretty girl. Vivian," laughed a brother soldier. "Now, I've seen her, and don't agree with you. She's too white and lackadaisical for stunning to express. Stunning, as I take it, means a jolly, lark, don't-care sort of a girl, who'll dance you down in the *deux temps*, ride you down in the hunting field, and box your ears if you are impertinent."
 "That's the sort of girl you cultivate in Yorkshire," said a handsome, light-haired man, whose half-closed eyes and down drooping moustache were quite in character with his languid drawl, and loose, lazy motion of his limbs. "When we were quartered in York, I was nearly married by one of your stunning girls, and only escaped by running away with a girl from a boarding school. Fact, I assure you. She and I struck up an acquaintance at a Christian propagation meeting. What the deuce are you fellows laughing at? They have meetings very often in York—a lot of parsons talk, and a lot of old women and boarding-schools come to listen. I went for a lark and got sold. The girl was lovely. She—By Jove! who's that?" He was sitting by the open window, and past it a party were riding.
 "Beatrice Meynell," said Vivian; "the very girl we've been talking of."
 "By Jove!" repeated the fair man, a crimson tide of color rushing to his face. The other stared.
 "Well, what's up, Carter? Going to have a fit of apoplexy, or struck with love at first sight?"
 But Carter did not seem to see the joke. He neither answered nor laughed, leaving him pale as a ghost, and, rising, he stammered:
 "I'm out of sorts; that champagne Croft gave us poisoned me. I'll turn in to the mess and get some brandy. No, no, Topham, stay there. I am all right; only shaky." And waving Mr. Topham back, he walked off, leaving the men he had been talking to looking after him gloomily enough, for in an Indian climate death dogs a man like his shadow; and any unusual signs hoisted by Dame Nature are apt to beget a proportionate amount of apprehension.
 "He lives too hard," said Topham. "Poor fellow! No man could last at the pace. He'd much better go in for leave and cut this beastly country, or it'll give him what it has given many a good fellow—six foot of lankid property."
 "Nonsense! he's as strong as you are. Take a couple of pipes off him, and he'll be as steady as a judge. I don't know what you fellows are going to do; I'll go and leave a card at the Chief's."
 The others laughed; and Mr. Topham, putting his arm through Vivian's, said:
 "All right; a fair start and no favor. Come along, old boy. She sits her horse like a brick, in spite of her die-away face."
 There was a poor gathering that evening at mess. A dinner at the Colonel's thinned their ranks, and Carter was reported to be ailing, some one added. "A touch of fever," which turned out to be the case, for the Doctor, being called away, came back in half an hour, and, with a grave face, announced the Adjutant decidedly ill, and just in a way that might become dangerous, or even

worse, at any moment. Carter was a popular man; and a gloom settled down upon those who heard the sad news, two or three going to the door of his quarters with the Doctor, and waiting there for another report. This, unhappily, was worse. Delirium had come on; the poor fellow was raving, and death was fighting for his prey.
 "Run over and ask the Colonel to come and take charge of his papers," whispered the Doctor to one of the men; "he won't last six hours."
 The Colonel came and sealed up some letters lying about, placed them in a desk, the key of which he put in his pocket.
 "Is there no hope, Doctor?" he asked, looking at Carter, who was lying, muttering incessantly, shuddering, and clutching with his hands.
 "I never say that, sir," said Dr. Lewis; "but I am afraid to hope here."
 "Poor young fellow!" and the Colonel laid his hand on the sick man's burning forehead. "A fine, young, soldier-like man, too; only one who knew his work. A more infernal set of bunglers I never came across. Poor lad, poor lad!"
 The Colonel took his departure; but in crossing the compound bethought him that these same bunglers might not know the funeral service; so, stopping a soldier, he sent him for the sergeant on duty, and ordered the men to be told off for funeral parade.
 The man hesitated.
 "Well, what is it?" asked the Colonel, impatiently. "Don't they know their work?"
 "Well, sir, I am afraid!"
 "Damn your afraid!" growled his commanding officer. "Call them out now and parade them, drums and fifes, too. By Jove! I'll teach them to know their duty before I've done with them," and the Colonel walked home and turned in, pretty considerably "riled," as our Yankee friends would say.
 Meantime, the fever had worn itself out, and the sick man was lying prostrate, exhausted, and with a weak, fluttering pulse, just tottering upon the brink of that bourne from which no traveler returns. The night was like most nights in the hot season, intensely still, the sulky growl of a Pariah dog now and then only breaking the silence. The Doctor had taken off his coat, and opened every available aperture to let in air; the punkas were moving steadily, but noiselessly, and Carter lay stretched on his back, his face pallid and drawn, his eyes closed, and no sound of life issuing from his parched lips. Suddenly, shrill and inexpressibly sad, the notes of the funeral march rang out on the still air, rising, falling, note by note, in solemn measure.
 For a while, no change came over Carter's face, no symptom that the sound reached his ears; and, after waiting for a few seconds, the Doctor drew back, fully impressed with the conviction that death was there at last, and he was turning away, when a bright idea struck him. If he could only excite the sinking pulse, and induce nature to exert herself, she might yet have a tussle with death, so, going up to the bed, he said, cheerily:
 "D've hear the music, Carter, old boy?"
 Carter's eyes opened, but with such a weak, perplexed look in them that the Doctor, thinking delirium was returning, half regretted his experiment; still, he was in for it, and went boldly on:
 "It's your funeral they're parading for, Dick; sure, if you don't make an effort, they'll bury you in spite of me. The Colonel was here just now, and took leave of you. Indeed, now, you must rouse up and turn the tables on the old fool; he's given us cheek enough since he joined."
 The expression on the sick man's face changed, a faint smile quivered across his lips, followed by a look of inexorable relief.
 "I thought it was all over," he whispered, almost inaudibly, "but we'll chest them yet."
 And sure enough he did.
 "What hour did the Adjutant go off?" asked the Colonel, in a subdued voice, as Vivian sauntered in to early tea.
 "He began to mend at midnight, sir, and was sitting up, walking into cold chicken and sherry, when I left him, ten minutes since. It's not often a man can say he's listened to his own funeral parade."
 Then there was plenty of laughing, and the Colonel was the only one who did not relish the joke, and heartily glad was he when Carter applied for leave to England, sending up his resignation with a strong recommendation; for he hoped that, by thus getting rid of the principal actor, he might banish the story from men's mouths.
 Carter never showed his face out of quarters until he got into his palanquin, to be conveyed away "on furlough."
 "You've left us without a sight of the beauty," said Vivian, who, according to his wont, had been going through the various phases of love fever, and had just then reached its zenith. She's perfect, and quite interested in you."
 "The devil she is!" gasped Carter. "Bearer, go on. Good-bye, old fellows; God bless you all. You won't catch me among jungles and jonpous again in a hurry. Hurrah for old England! May we all meet there soon."
 "Good-bye; good luck to you; and

three cheers for old England, God bless her!" cried several voices. So, with kind words, ringing cheers, and no small amount of envy, Dick Carter turned his face away from Meerut, devoutly hoping he might never hear more of his life there than pleasant.
 There was a dinner party at the Resident Magistrate's that night, and of course the Colonel and his daughter were there, the latter the centre of attraction. Vivian, who had, according to his own mind, been making some progress with the pale, quiet beauty, was thrown into despair—a brother of the Judge's wife, a certain Major Hervey, had just returned to India after a long leave, and had taken Meerut on his way to the headquarters of his regiment. Hervey was one of those modern Crichtons one meets with now and then, perfect, or as nearly perfect as human nature can be, in everything he undertook. A hero in the service, irresistible, so gossip affirmed, in the drawing-room, a dead shot in the jungle, well read and accomplished, good-looking and rich. What would you have more? With all these things, one might conclude Hervey's a happy lot, but there is no life without its alloy. Hervey had been touched in the most vulnerable point; he had married, but the marriage had been unfortunate, and after three years' separation, he had gone home just in time to stand by the unhappy woman's death-bed, and forgive her the wrong she had done him. One child only she left, and this boy he had brought out to India to share his sister's nursery.
 When Beatrice Meynell reached the station, Mrs. Masters at once settled that she was the very wife for her brother, and never rested until she had secured the girl's friendship, interesting her as much as possible in her brother, by telling, with all a sister's prejudice, the sad story of his marriage.
 Indian society is much more of a family sort than English, and the most private affairs soon leak out; so it was well known in the station that Beatrice was booked for Major Hervey. Much speculation was afloat, and when they met in the Judge's drawing-room, many eyes watched them with no small amount of envy.
 "Do you like India, Miss Meynell?" asked Hervey, when the introduction having been made, he took a vacant chair by her side.
 "Not yet," was the answer; and the sad eyes rose to meet his, with a world of feeling lying hid in their brown depths, feeling totally separate and unconnected with the words that were spoken almost mechanically. Eyes that were full of unshed tears, and hid themselves away under their long thick veil of lashes, as if afraid lest they might betray some secret. They had a strange effect upon Hervey as he looked back into them, and he scarcely heard the common-place question. "Not yet, but I may do so. It is so different, and I led such a quiet, lonely life in England."
 "Do you ride?"
 "Oh, yes! it is the only thing I care for," and there came a faint flush over her face. "But I do not think riding along what you call the Mall worth mounting for."
 "You like going across country, perhaps?"
 The Major looked at the slender wrists, and wondered what power they could exercise over a bride. As he looked, he was conscious that a deep crimson rushed over the girl's face, and that her eyes fixed themselves upon him with an expression of intense fear. He was interested and perplexed—he scarcely knew whether agreeably or not—and in the midst of his agitation, she asked:
 "Are you fond of hunting, Major Hervey?"
 "Very; it is one of the many hardships of soldiering out here, that we have no such glorious sport."
 "Have you ever hunted in Yorkshire?"
 "No; I do not know Yorkshire at all. Gloucester is my County, and the Duke's hounds saw my training. But if you don't like the Mall, why don't you ride early, and have a gallop into the country?"
 "So I do, when papa will go."
 And the Colonel, coming up at this juncture, said:
 "I wish you'd do duty for me, Hervey; riding at her pace don't suit my old bones."
 "I shall be delighted, if Miss Meynell will accept my escort."
 Beatrice bowed. Vivian, who was looking on, swore she blushed, and went off to the other end of the room to offer Capt. Batchelor ten to two that Hervey married Beatrice in a month. By which, it will be seen that, Mr. Vivian's matrimonial hopes being on the decline, he was willing to make a compromise with his heart, and, if he could not win a wife, at least win something.
 The dinner-party, on the whole, was a success. Beatrice had talked more than usual, and Hervey had scarcely left her side all the evening, so that there was some excuse for Mrs. Master's triumph. When she and her brother were alone, she asked:
 "How do you like Beatrice, Charley?"
 "I don't know."
 "Don't know!" she exclaimed. "Why, you flirted with her all night. You surely can tell me if you like her?"
 "She is a very peculiar girl," he answered, dreamily.
 "Surely you think her pretty?"

"Oh! yes—more—beautiful, I think; what is her story?"
 "Story!" laughed Mrs. Masters. "Story, sir; God bless you, I've none to tell; what story can a girl of eighteen, never out of a school-room, have? What strange fancies you men take!"
 "Maybe," replied Hervey, dryly; "but that does not alter the case. Miss Meynell has a story, and a painful one, too."
 "How absurd you are, Charley! Now, here have I been moving heaven and earth to bring you and Beatrice together; and, directly you meet, you take it into your head that she has done something dreadful."
 "I did not say so, Mary."
 "Well, then, suffered something?"
 "Not that, either; you see you think with me, for you've hit upon the very idea that came into my head, when I looked into those marvellous eyes of hers—you've given form to my very thoughts. Don't be vexed, dear; I am puzzled by her. I like her; and, what's more, I'll either fall madly in love with her, or else I'll—"
 But never mind, now; good night; don't tell your good man what I've said—two heads are enough. I'll know, in forty-eight hours, which way the stream will run, and, if I say I am going, you'll know how I feel. If I stay, I'll trust to you to help me."
 With which arrangement Mrs. Masters was fain to be content. In two days, her brother came to her.
 "Mary, will you put me up for a month?"
 "Of course I will. Oh! I am so glad; I've hardly dared to move, in case I bothered you or came in your way. And so it's all right, and Beatrice will have you?"
 Hervey smiled. "I've not asked her, yet; but I'll have her if I can get her."
 "Story and all?" said Mrs. Masters, mischievously. A dark frown, followed by a look of pain, came over Hervey's face.
 "Don't say that again, Mary, or hint at such a thing. I was a fool to say it to you; a fool to let such absurd suspicions enter my head; and I'd be worse than a fool, if I suffered any such childish fancy to come between me and such an angel as she is."
 But, in spite of Major Hervey's assertions, he did think of his first impression; and, in very dread lest he should be tempted to give way in any greater degree to what he told himself was a cruel and unwarrantable prejudice, he strenuously avoided any reference to her life in England.
 In spite of the approval of the Colonel and Beatrice's aunt, the Major's wooing made but slow progress. Beatrice was inexplicable. Every now and then she would brighten up, and Hervey, for a brief hour or two, would think himself in the ante-chamber of Paradise itself; then a change would come, and she would shrink back, as if afraid of trusting herself or her happiness. Again and again she refused to marry him, and again and again, growing desperate, he begged her to tell him her reason, until, worn out by his passion and the expostulations of her father and aunt, she at length consented to become his wife.
 Anxious to rouse Beatrice, Hervey had exerted himself to make the wedding a gala day for the station; he had consulted her in all his arrangements and plans, and only seemed to live to give her pleasure and homage; but still there was the old sad, frightened look, and sometimes, even, he fancied it grew more intense, so that, bright and joyous as the wedding day was to others, many wondering looks were cast upon the pale, mournful bride—looks which could not escape Hervey's notice, and roused a feeling almost approaching to anger against her, he had won in spite of herself.
 The mail came in as the wedding party were assembled at breakfast; and, bringing three or four letters to Beatrice, her aunt laughingly advised her to read them before leaving, as she had no right to call herself "miss" when she started life as a married woman. But Beatrice thrust them into her pocket, saying she would read them on the journey, which, having to be accomplished by palanquin, was necessarily a lonely one.
 And, in about two hours, the preparations for the journey being complete, Beatrice was placed in her palanquin. Hervey got into his, and they then started for a bungalow about seven miles away.
 Evening is but a short period in India; night follows day at a rapid pace; and almost immediately after a gorgeous sunset darkness fell upon the face of the earth, and the flaring torches, carried by the bearers, were all that lit the road.
 Inside Beatrice's palanquin was an oil lamp, and by the light of this she took out her letters. The first was from a school friend, and she put that aside; the second was like unto it, and this, too, might wait; the third lay with its seal up; she turned it over, and a sudden spasm contracted her hand. "Oh, my God! too late!"
 For a long time she lay there, staring with horror-stricken eyes at the well-known writing, though the poor wild eyes saw nothing there, but were looking away into the past, and on into the sinful, terrible future. She had fought against this; she had feared it hourly, until, led on by weakness and despair, she had striven against conscience. In its

turn, conscience had ceased to speak, and she had almost forgotten what it meant, until the superscription on the back of the letter woke it up.
 At last she broke the seal. There was a long letter inside, and she read it slowly through, pausing now and then to repeat a passage, as if the meaning would not enter into her brain clearly enough. At last it was all read, and a strange change had come over the girl's face. There was no fear, no doubt, no uncertainty there now; only a hard, desperate, set expression, and a feverish sparkle in the full eyes.
 "There is not a minute to lose," she said, as if speaking to herself; and stopping the bearers, she called the head man to her. He came forward and listened with immovable features, as in a low, eager voice she urged something; long and earnestly she spoke, but there came no sign until she dashed forward a dressing-case, and pulling out a handful of glittering jewels, thrust them forward. The man's eyes gleamed.
 "It is dangerous," he said; "but I will obey."
 Then he spoke to the other man, and the palanquin proceeded about half a mile. Here they stopped again, and the man pointed out a hut.
 "I can conceal you there for a day or two, but, as I dare not go back to Meerut, you must take me with you. I will see you safe to Calcutta; the Sahib will know how to reward such service."
 [CONCLUDED ON FRIDAY.]


A Quaker once hearing a person tell how much he felt for another who was suffering and needed assistance, dryly asked him, "friend hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"
 About the only person that we ever heard of that was not spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew named Daniel.
 The damsel who is accused of breaking a young man's heart, has been bound over in the bonds of matrimony to keep the pieces.
 In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she is all ribs from her belt to the rim of her petticoat.
 If you wish to bring up a child in the way it should go, it would probably be as well for you to travel that way yourself.
 At an agricultural dinner the following toast was given: "The game of fortune—shuffle the cards as you will, spades will always win."
 Whisky is popular as a medicine for pulmonary diseases; in fact, there is a good "consumptive demand."

Internal Revenue Tax.

THIRD DISTRICT S. C.
 MARCH 18, 1866.
 All persons in business, trade or profession of any kind since 30th of May, 1863, are required to pay their taxes forthwith.
 Collector for the District.
 W. A. HARRIS.
 Office—Court House square.
 March 18.

New York Advertisements.

An Old Song Set to a New Tune.
1866.
 "As Spring approaches,
 Ants and Roaches
 From their holes come out.
 And Mice and Rats
 In spite of cats,
 Boldly skip about."



COSTAR'S VERMIN EXTERMINATORS
 "18 Years established in N. Y. City."
 "Only infallible remedies known."
 "Prove from Poisons."
 "Not dangerous to the human family."
 "Has come out of their holes to die."

"Costar's" Rat, Roach, &c., Exter's.
 Is a paste—used for Rats, Mice, Roaches, Black and Red Ants, &c., &c.
 "Costar's" Bed-bug Exterminator
 Is a liquid or wash—used to destroy, and also as a preventive for Bed-bugs, &c.
 "Costar's" Electric Powder for Insects
 Is for Moths, Mosquitoes, Fleas, Bed-bugs, Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, &c.
 BEWARE! of all worthless imitations.
 See that "COSTAR'S" name is on each Box, Bottle and Flask, before you buy.
 Address **HENRY R. COSTAR,**
 482 Broadway, N. Y.
 Sold in Columbia, S. C., by
 And all Druggists and Retailers.
1866.

INCREASE OF RATS.—The Farmer's Gazette (English) asserts, and proves by figures that one pair of RATS will have a progeny and descendants no less than 651,950 in three years. Now, unless this immense family can be kept down, they would consume more food than would sustain 65,000 human beings.
 See "COSTAR'S" advertisement above
1866.

RATS VERSUS BIRDS.—Whoever engages in shooting small birds is a cruel man, whoever aids in exterminating rats is a benefactor. We should like some one to give us the benefit of their experience in driving out these pests. We need something to do, dogs, cats and traps for this business. See "COSTAR'S" advertisement above
1866.

"COSTAR'S" RAT EXTERMINATOR is simple, safe, and sure. The most perfect RAT-exterminator we have ever attended to. Every Rat that can get it, properly prepared will eat it, and every one that eats it will die, generally at some place as distant as possible from where it was taken. (Lake Shore (Mich.) Mirror.
 See "COSTAR'S" advertisement above
1866.

A VOICE FROM THE FAR WEST.—Speaking of "COSTAR'S" Rat, Roach, Ant &c., Exterminator—"more grain and provisions are destroyed annually in Grant County by vermin than would pay for tons of this Rat and Insect Killer."
 (Lewistown (Pa.) Herald.
 May 5
 See "COSTAR'S" advertisement above
1866.

SOUTHERN BANK NOTES!

SOUTHERN SECURITIES!

Bought and sold on commission by
LAWRENCE BROTHERS & CO., BANKERS,
 No. 16 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.
 MONEY received on deposit from banks, bankers, merchants and others. Orders in Gold, Government and other Securities received at the regular Stock Exchange by a member of the firm. Consignments of Cotton collected.
 DEWEY & LORING, JOHN H. CECIL, CYRUS J. LAWRENCE, WM. A. HANSTED.
 April 5

MANUFACTURERS OF THE
 KEYS AND CARBIDS for the United States service. Also, Pistols, Revolvers, Repeating Pistols, Revolving Rifles, Cartridges, Shot Guns, and all the latest and improved arms and accoutrements. Sold by all Dealers in the Trade throughout the country. In these days of housebreaking and robbery, every home, store, bank and office should have one of our "Revolver" and "Carbide" guns. A full description of our arms will be furnished upon application. E. REMINGTON & SONS, NEW YORK, N. Y.
 MOORE & NICHOLS, Agents,
 No. 40 Courtland st., N. Y.

WESTCHESTER HOUSE,

Corner Broadway Street and Lowery, N. Y.
 THIS house, capable of accommodating three hundred guests and kept on the European plan, is centrally located, and near to all points. City cars pass the Hotel to all the Ferries, Railroad Depots and places of Amusement every three minutes. Single Rooms, \$1.00 per day; double, \$2.00. J. F. DARROW & CO., Proprietors.
 Jan 14 ly

UNITED STATES TYPE FOUNDRY,

AND
PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE,
 Nos. 28, 30 and 32 Centre street, (corner of Beado street), New York. Type on which this paper is printed is from the above Foundry.
 Nov 18